



**Charlotte Digges "Lottie" Moon**  
**1840 - 1912**

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&c.

For all who watch tonight--  
By land, or sea, or air,  
O Father, may they know that Thou  
Art with them, "even there."

For all who weep tonight--  
The hearts that cannot rest--  
Reveal Thy Love--that wondrous Love  
Which gave for us Thy Best.

For all who wake tonight--  
Love's tender watch to keep,  
Watcher Divine, Thyself draw nigh,  
Thou Who dost never sleep.

For all who fear tonight,  
Whatever the dread may be,  
We ask for them the perfect peace  
Of hearts that rest in Thee.

Our own beloved tonight--  
O Father, keep, and where  
Our love & succour cannot reach,  
Now bless them through our prayer.

And--all who pray tonight--  
Thy wrestling Hosts, O Lord,  
Make weakness strong,  
let them prevail,  
According to Thy Word. Amen.

--Constance Lady Cooté

**PSALM 69:16** Hear me, O  
LORD; for thy  
lovingkindness is good: turn  
unto me according to the  
multitude of thy tender  
mercies.

**PSALM 70:4** Let all those  
that seek thee rejoice and be  
glad in thee: and let such as  
love thy salvation say  
continually, Let God be  
magnified.

**PSALM 71:17** O God, thou  
hast taught me from my  
youth: and hitherto have I  
declared thy wondrous works.

**PSALM 91:14** Because he  
hath set his love upon me,  
therefore will I deliver him: I  
will set him on high, because  
he hath known my name.

**PROVERBS 8:17** I love them  
that love me; and those that  
seek me early shall find me.

**SONG OF SOLOMON 1:4**  
The upright love thee.

**SONG OF SOLOMON 2:4**  
His banner over me was love.



# LAMBIBITS

Lessons, anecdotes, messages, Bible-based beliefs, inspirational talks, and sayings.)

So first of all, we must build on the right foundation--the man Christ Jesus--the Corner stone! Second, we must build the building He wants! "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; and no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me!"--A building of young and living stones, made alive by His spirit, founded on His Truth, and melted together in His Love!

Let's use the best church he ever created as our pattern! Let's use the Early Church in the Book of Acts as our blueprint! Here was the ideal! How did they do it?

We are shooting for the stars, and beyond! Why piddle around with puddles, when there are oceans to swim in, and all space to revel in! At last we're free, thank God!

It's a terrific transition, like being born, or born again, a terrible shock, a climactic change, to be suddenly catapulted from the comfortable cradle of a dogmatic doctrine into the full stature of the spiritual man, but it's worth it all! For we enter a new world of freedom from the shackles of the flesh, into the vast and boundless universe of the Spirit! We are free, free, free!

Thank God! Hallelujah--free to do His will, free to follow Him withersoever He leadeth, to abandon the boundaries of man for the boundless abundance of God! Hallelujah, we're free!

How could we have been so carnal as to have longed for an earthly home? How could we have been so fleshly as to have desired an earthly rest from our labours? How could we have been so limited in our spiritual horizons as to have hoped for some earthly fulfillment!

How could we have been so blind as not to have known that there was no exception to His admonition: "Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth!" "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

--Pastor David (1919-1994)

# Master's Arts

## Humility—Resist Pride

—God Alone is the Judge, No self-righteousness—

### The Master says:

Here's an illustration:

A mother poured a glass cold water for a child. He comes in from weeding the garden in the hot sun, ready for a drink. His hands are all muddy. He takes the glass gratefully, smearing soil on it before he realised that he didn't wash his hands yet. Quickly he goes to wash them and then returns. But he is disgusted to see that the cup his mother gave him to drink from is all dirty. He has forgotten the cause for it.

"Ugh! What a dirty glass! Mother, why have you given me such a dirty glass to drink from? You must not love me very much. You must think I am not worthy of the good things you give to others," he says, looking over at his brother's now empty glass that has not a speck of soil on it.

"The glass I provided you with was clean and good, and I do love you. But to show you that I forgive you—both for soiling the glass with your own unwashed hands, as well as saying untrue things about me, about how I must not love you— I will give you a new fresh glass to use. And I'll wash this one as well," mother says.

The boy feeling somewhat reprov'd, and humbled, thanks his mother. He thinks to himself that the next time he thinks someone had done him wrong, or hasn't given him the treatment he wishes for and something seems wrong, he'll stop to think if it was due to his own mistake.

He didn't mean to soil up the cup, and after all it was because he had been doing something good and working hard. Mistakes and oversights can happen, even when we are doing good things. But he won't be too quick next time to place the blame on others, and feel upset. He'll choose to forgive and overlook a simple mistake—and he might find in the end, the other person wasn't to blame after all, and he'll be glad he didn't hold it against them.



## INSPIRED STORIES FROM ABOVE

### From "Story Time with the Master"

#### --Melanie and the Young Mother--



Melanie was sitting sadly on the side. She watched the other players who seemed to be enjoying the vigorous game of ball play. Why wasn't she invited? She didn't know. As far as she could tell, when she last counted, the sum total of leg were two; arms, two; eyes and ears two as well. And they were all in good working order. Maybe the ones chosen for this game were being judged by something other than physical ability.

If they had looked into her heart, the players who chose their team would have seen that she was really just trying to be a part of their lives and wished for someone to wish for her to be so. They might have seen that she was like a puzzle piece looking for where to fit in. But they had their minds on scoring points--something that would be long, long forgotten, perhaps even by next week. Numbers wouldn't matter later on, when other new interests and passionate pursuits moved their minds onward. But it hurt, and Melanie began to cry, in her heart that is. She decided to go exploring somewhere else.

Maybe, just maybe there was someone who wished for a friend, who likewise didn't feel or wasn't included in the lively play. Since she couldn't find a friend, the best option would be to go and be a friend; even if it was to someone that she didn't particularly understand or feel an affinity with. She could just be a stand in for the friend a person would like; just be someone in place of the person they probably would rather be with. "I'll just act like their friend," Melanie thought, as she made her way somewhat shyly over to a young lady holding a baby.

Since this young mother was often awake in the night, she missed much sleep, and it was hard to go hanging out at night with others, for any time she could rest, she must. However this tended to give others the impression that she wanted to be alone--especially when others came around to see her as she was putting her baby to sleep and asked them to please not disturb just then. And at times the mother was short tempered, again, due to over tiredness. It was her time of learning and growth in heart and mind and emotionally. It wasn't easy, and caused many people to draw the wrong conclusions about her and to misunderstand, or just not understand at all.

However, today Melanie was going to take the risk, since it was clear that the young mother was both awake and happy for company, though sitting alone at the moment. Her baby was now sleeping in the stroller nearby, and she sat on a large rock looking at the game being played in the nearby field. When Melanie approached her, the young mother looked up with surprise. At first she thought she was being asked to join in the game; that someone had sent for her. But seeing the look on Melanie's face, she realised that it was a friend coming to join her.

Rather awkwardly, she moved over a bit and motioned for Melanie to sit with her there, which she did. They weren't sure what to talk about first, but after a bit they got warmed up. Melanie chose a topic that this young mother was sure to have things to say about, and quite possibly not many to hear about it.

She asked about the baby, and what his new developments were, his likes and dislikes, and how she was adjusting to life as a mother. Knowing the right thing to ask, and giving another person the chance to speak about what is on their heart, is a key to truly "being a friend". Sometimes it seems like a waste of time just to talk, but it's a need to have a way to say things, it's part of the completion of the feeling of living.

Melanie knew she'd asked the right topic, for the young mother talked on and on. It seemed like it had been weeks that she'd been storing up all these things in her heart and mind. At last--what seemed nearly an hour--the conversation quieted down, and the mother realising that Melanie, too, might have her own friendship needs, said, "The baby is about to wake up, he's stirring now, and I'll need to tend to his needs, but would you like to go for a walk in a bit, when I return? He'll be happy to be strolled along with us."

What a nice idea, Melanie thought. "Sure, that sounds great. Is there anything I can help you with?"

Then she knew what was needed and said with a smile, "I'll prepare a snack for the two of us, and fill some bottles of water. We can bring them along. Feeding the baby means you need to feed yourself, and as you were saying to me, there's not always time to do both. I'll see you soon then--as soon as you wish, without pressure. Just give him all he needs, and if he is happy, then we can go. If it seems he's unhappy for a walk at this time, I'll just bring you the snack and we can walk later, another day."

She had gained much insight after hearing all that this young mother experienced each day. This gave her on-target friendship ideas. It payed off to listen to someone else and to gain insight into their way of thinking and feeling.

The young mother gave a grateful nod as she lifted her little one into her arms to walk to the house.

Melanie walked over to the orchard and selected some fine pieces of fruit, picked some ripe strawberries and made her way to the kitchen to prepare the promised snack. A smile was in her heart and on her face. She learned that a good way to feeling needed, and to being included, was to first find out just what the needs and wishes of others were, then she could be the friend they longed for. The gratitude they would feel in return would give her the feeling she wanted—the feeling that someone loved and enjoyed her company.

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## Thoughts and True Stories

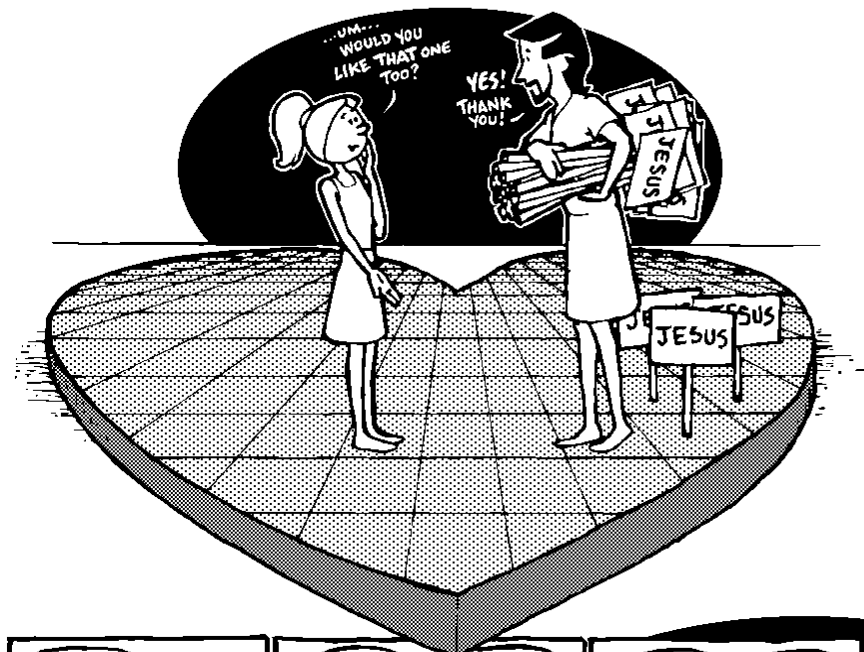
### Stories from: Remarkable Answers to Prayer (Compiled by S.B. Shaw)

My friend, a retired sea-captain and a Christian, tells me that one night, while on the sea, he dreamed that a ship's crew were in great suffering. Waking up from his dream, he put about the ship, tacked in different directions, surprised everybody on the vessel--they thought he was going crazy--sailed on in another direction hour after hour, and for many hours, until he came to the perishing crew, and rescued them, and brought them to New York. Who conducted that dream? The God of the sea.

1695, a vessel went out from Spithead for West India and ran against the ledge of rocks called the Caskets. The vessel went down, but the crew clambered up on the Caskets, to die of thirst or starvation, as they supposed. But there was a ship hound for Southampton that had the captain's son on board. This lad twice in one night dreamed that there was a crew of sailors dying on the Caskets. He told his father of his dream. The vessel came down by the Caskets in time to find and to rescue those two dying men. Who conducted that dream? The God of the rocks, the God of the sea.

The Rev. Dr Bushnell, in his marvelous book, entitled "Nature and the Supernatural," gives the following that he got from Captain Yount, in California, a fact confirmed by many families: Captain Yount dreamed twice one night that one hundred and fifty miles away there was a company of travelers fast in the snow. He also saw in the dream rocks of a peculiar formation, and telling his dream to an old hunter, the hunter said " Why, I remember those rocks those rocks are in the Carson Valley Pass, one hundred and fifty miles away." Captain Yount, impelled by this dream, although laughed at by his neighbors, gathered men together, took mules and blankets, and started out on the expedition, traveled one hundred and fifty miles, saw those very rocks which he had described in his dream, and finding the suffering ones at the foot of those rocks, brought them back; to confirm the story of Captain Yount. Who conducted that dream? The God of the snow, the God of the Sierra Nevadas.

--T. DeWitt Talmage





# THE REVELATION OF JESUS CHRIST

**Revelation 3:20** Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.

**Revelation 3:21** To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne.

## JESUS SAYS:

Doors were created to demonstrate a spiritual principle—that there are two sides.

There is the “in-side” and there is the “out-side”. What side are you on? What side will you be able to be on? In or out?

If you look at the things going on in the world today, the things people believe in, do, or promote, it can be confusing and seem like there are many voices calling this way and that way. “Vote for this” or “do that” or “don’t ever do this and that”. But just like I made known the rules of God in a very simple way and said there were two main ones that covered all: to love God and to love others; so are there just two sides of loyalties.

The masses might be pulled ignorantly this way or that way, by the invisible powers that are fighting, but there are only two teams fighting: God, and His opponents that will lose. To be on the winning side, permanently, you need to walk through the door to the “inside”, to be part of God’s Family. Everyone else will be on the outside.

I am the door, by Me will you get inside to God’s Kingdom. You have to believe in Me, get washed up from the ways of this world’s evils, forsake and give up the things you are doing that are fighting against God’s ways, and choose to love God with all your heart and mind and soul—and choose to love others with God’s love and in God’s way. Then you will be an “insider”.

Come on in! I’ll let you in on the inside scoop. You’ll find out things that only those who live with and for the Lord their God, get to hear about and understand.

But what do you have to do first? Well, you have to let Me into your heart. I’ve got to be in your heart, and then you can have the freedom to walk through the door to Heaven and come abide with all God’s loving children and big family forever.

Do you like to eat? Well, you’ll get to eat at the table with the King of all—food fit for a king is served there. You’ll get to sit down and fellowship with all those at the King’s table—every day. When you are part of the royal family you get special honours, and you are a prince who helps rule others. You are nourished and provided for, not just with necessities, but with pleasures and joy. For in Heaven you won’t go hungry, but can feast with the God of Creation, the God of Love, the God who made you and everyone, and gave you all those desires for pleasure and enjoyment. You’ll be ministered unto and treated honourably.

At the right hand of God there are pleasures forevermore, and eternal love and life and joy, merriment and satisfaction. Be brave for now when things aren’t as they should be. The time will come when all will be made lovely, pure, and good. Endure unto the end, and then I will say, “Come in, blessed of My Father—for I was hungry and you fed Me.” (Matthew 25:34-35)

Because you said to others, “Come and sup with me” and fed them food for their heart and spirit, and cared for the needs of their soul. Feeding the hungry can be a good way to get their attention, but remember that the food and water will pass away and they’ll be hungry and thirsty all over again; but the living water and the bread from Heaven is what people need most of all.

Did you offer them to sit down at your table, or did you join them at theirs, so that you could feed their hungry spirit? Did you knock on others' doors and say, "May I come in? I have something for you," and share a bit of Heaven with their home?

Just like I knocked on the door of your heart, so do I ask you to knock on the door of others' lives and homes, offering to bring a bit of My peace and faith into their lives. Don't just let them go on as if you don't care or have forgotten them. But keep giving those little knocks, those reminders that you care and want them to accept you and Me, Jesus, their Lord, into their life.

It may seem like they aren't responding, but every knock that wakes them up and gets them to peer outside, outside of their closed heart, is helping them to make decisions as to whether or not they will let Me into their heart and life.

Keep knocking; keep seeking the lost; keep asking if they want to make Me a part of their lives. I never stop knocking, and have the best nourishment ready to share with each person on Earth. I want to be a friend to each one. But they have to let Me in, before I can come in. And those who do let Me be in their life, and who take in the bread of life and the living water, can be let into My Heavenly realm.

## HOW HE SAID HELLO

I would pray for God to give me a hug or a kiss. And one night he did. Very gentle and real. Jesus gave me a hug and a kiss while I slept. I wasn't able to move but I was conscious. Ever since, I would feel His presence when I call His name while I sleep. I guess I remember the most when I sleep because I'm focusing on one thing at a time.

--Delicia

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Here is a testimony, from when I was 10 years old or so. I like to mention this one because it shows how the Lord is so real and He so faithful to answer ALL our little childish prayers.

My background was Catholic and my family went to church. In Italy, they had before the tradition to have communion for the first time when you are adolescent. So the night before I was to attend the first communion ceremony I obeyed what a nun suggested the children to do before they went to bed: "Children remember tonight before to go to bed to pray the Lord for a good night and ask Jesus to sleep with you".

So I did the prayer and it happened that in the middle of the night I woke up and I had a very vivid spiritual experience. I felt the presence of Jesus and saw Him sleeping close side by side together with me in the same little bed. Seeing Jesus personally, my reaction was to greeting Him and after that happily I went to sleep again.

This was my first special encounter that really encourage me a lot on my growth, future and difficult teenager years. It remind me that Jesus is real and always near to us and to those who seek and believe in Him.

--Victor

# From Jesus With Love

Think about this: How would you feel if you never received any communications from the person you loved? Wouldn't you feel left out? Or how would you feel if you went about your entire day and your loved ones hardly said one word to you?

When I don't receive any word from you, it breaks My heart. It makes Me wonder if you really care and if you need Me. Communicate and do not forget Me, for with such sacrifices I am well pleased. Prayer is communication.

# PRAISE

Thank You, Jesus, that I can be pleasing in Your sight by praising You, by pouring out my heart before You. Thank You for filling my heart with praise and thanksgiving. Thank You for the many miracles that You do for me daily. Thank You that You're always there and You're always filling my needs.

You are everything to me. You make my heart sing and overflow with joy, praise and thanksgiving. I give You my heart, and I lift up my hands to You in praise. Thank You for Your love. Thank You for Your sweet presence. Thank You for Your Spirit that protects and keeps me, guards me, supplies for me, helps me to reach out to others, and reflects Your mighty love, Your salvation, Your truth.

